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The Valiant Souldiers Gallantry?
OR, THE
Glory of the Camp-Royal,
ON
HOUNSLOW-HEATH.

The Camp in all its splendor now is seen,
And has been grac'd both by the King & Queen,

To the Tune of, *Hark! the thundring Cannons roar.*

Nobles, and those of meanest rank, resort
To view those Tents of War, Great *Mars's* Court

This may be Printed, R. P.

8. July. 1686.

I.

Noble Hearts let Joy abound,
Drums they beat and Trumpets sound,
Martial Musick Echoes round,
and of the Royal Stamp too;
Since the gallant fight is seen,
By our Gracious King and Queen,
Of the Warriours that remain
within the Royal Camp now.

II.

Brave and gay the Soldiers are,
In their Tents and Files of War,
Martial Glory they prefer,
to all we dare attempt too:
In the Field of Fame they stand,
In Rank and Order at command,
Loyal hearts and active hand,
within the Royal Camp now.

III.

Shining in their brightest Arms,
To secure us from the harms,
Of the Rebels faint alarms,
and all their courage damp too;
Men of brave renown that know
Not to stoop unto a Foe,
Better Europe cannot show,
than in the Royal Camp now.

IV.

Tents and Trenches are compleat,
Soldiers ready at the beat,
To advance or to retreat,
as Exercise calls them too:
Whilst the Trumpets wound the Air,
Waving Ensigns shivering there,
Do our Princes fame declare,
within the Royal Camp too.

V.

Giving England happy rest,
Peace possessing e'ry breast,
That with Loyalty is blest,
and them from fear Exempt too:

Store of plenty there is had,
Horse and foot are gayly clad,
By their brave Commanders led,
within the Royal Camp too.

VI.

Artill'ry, a Noble Train,
There's likewise upon the Plain,
That has often spoke in Flame,
and loud in Thunder ramp't too;
When the King and Nobles came
To behold the Warlike Frame,
And were pleas'd with the same,
within the Royal Camp now.

VII.

There the feats of Arms were done,
In a shew as War came on,
As if a Field was lost and won,
such was their valour prompt too;
Noble Fame though but in jest,
Made each strive for to do best,
In Exercise as is exprest,
within the Royal Camp now.

VIII.

Where some Thousands flock to view,
Those brave Souls that can subdue,
Difficulties old and new,
and are from grief exempt too:
Count it brave their Prince to serve,
Have rewards that those deserve,
Who from Loyalty ne'r swerve,
within the Royal Camp now.

IX.

Then lets banish needless fear,
None to be offended dare,
When such Loyal hearts there are
as still do put a damp to
Those that would us undermine,
And to restlessness incline,
Who but vainly do repine,
at this the Royal Camp now.

FINIS.